

I've Never Really Felt Safe Here by NygmaGreyjoy

Series: [Sail Away Sweet Sister \[4\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Abuse, Abusive Parents, Abusive Relationships, Angst, Belting, Belts, Blood, Blood and Injury, Blood and Violence, Child Abuse, Corporal Punishment, Domestic Violence, Gen, Heavy Angst, Physical Abuse, Violence, Whipping, abusive household, belt whipping

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Neil Hargrove, Susan Hargrove

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Billy Hargrove & Neil Hargrove, Neil Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Neil Hargrove/Susan Hargrove

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-17

Updated: 2021-06-17

Packaged: 2022-03-31 14:30:58

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 1

Words: 965

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Max comes home and witnesses an extremely violent scene between Neil and Billy. She tries to put a stop to it.

I've Never Really Felt Safe Here

Author's Note:

Hello my lovelies !

I had that in mind for such a long time but never found the time or the energy to write it until today... It is definitely violent, so be cautious and read the tags.

The title is lyrics from To My Father by Nicholas Tomillon.

Pushing with her foot to put some speed into her board, Max turned round the corner of her street with a her guts hurting as if they were all tangled up. A really unpleasant feeling had been growing in her belly the closer she was getting to home. Now that she was skating down the street towards the house, she got the confirmation something was wrong.

The camaro was not so much parked but rather left alone in front of the house, half on the road and half on the sidewalk, with the driver's door wide open. Max stopped. She stared at the car, Billy's most precious belonging, abandoned like that, knowing pretty damn well he would never, never, leave it that way. Anxiety rushed up her spine and for a moment she stood paralysed. When she got into motion again she first thought she would turn around and leave as fast as possible, but her feet jumped from the skateboard almost against her will and she started to run towards the house. She was not even halfway yet when she started to hear the screaming.

She stormed inside knowing what she would find, and yet it stroke her in shock. What got to her was the blood. Blood was not usual, blood was not supposed to come into the equation. And yet there it was, drawing deep red stripes all over Billy's back. She felt dizzy, her eyes staring at the damage skin.

Neil didn't pay attention to the interruption. His arm fell with strength and the belt landed on Billy's back with a dreadful cracking

sound. Max startled. Then she heard it, the feeble gurgling sound. Billy was crying, half strangled by his own sobs.

Max felt rage flash all over her bones like lightning. She jumped forward and before she knew it she was on Neil's back, legs around his waste to balance herself and arms around his neck, squeezing. 'Stop it !' she yelled. 'Stop it, stop it, stop it !' She couldn't stop screaming now that she had started and she fiercely clung onto Neil, who was trying vainly to shake her off his back. In the struggle they eventually fell to the ground. And they rolled on the floor with the strength of the fall. Neil manage to get on his knees before Max could jump on him again. He pushed her away this time. Max fell to the floor again.

'What the hell do you think you're doing ?' Neil seethed. Max watched him walk towards her and towering her and she felt her heart jump in fear to get stuck in her throat. Neil grabbed her by her hair and repeated 'what the hell do you think you're doing ?' Max was forced on her feet as Neil pulled her up. She felt like her scalp was about to get torn off her skull. Blinded by anger and pain, she started kicking and punching, aiming to Neil without ever managing to reach him and yelling like a banshee.

Suddenly the pain on her scalp receded and she fell to the floor again. She heard a loud thump. When she looked up she saw Neil had fallen as well. Arms still wrapped around his father's legs, Billy was growling between gritted teeth, 'don't you touch her, Neil.' Max realised he must have crawled to them and tripped Neil to the floor.

At that moment it felt like the time stopped. All three of them stayed mute and breathless, lying still on the living-room floor. And standing in the doorway was Susan, looking down at them. 'What's going on here ?' she breathed out.

Max felt paralysed with shame and guilt at the way her mother was looking at her. She could feel the pain and distress and the weight of her gaze on her, and she could do nothing more than looking down at her hands, turned into trembling fists she immediately felt the urge to hide. Neil stood up and said something Max didn't quite get, something meant to be reassuring and said in the most serene, matter-of-fact voice, as if nothing of the fight had actually been real.

The little girl didn't see Neil hold her mother tight and take her outside with him. All she could think about was how the violence had stopped and been erased in a split second and it scared her. It felt like waking up from a nightmare and going back to reality. It didn't feel right, it couldn't be right.

'Maxine, can you hear me ?' Billy's harsh voice drew her out of her thoughts. He had dragged himself up and was looking at her with cold eyes. 'You okay ?'

'Yes,' she answered in a breath.

'Good,' Billy said as if he didn't mean it. 'Never do that again, do you hear me ? Never !' His loud voice made Max startle and brought tears in her eyes. On other occasions, she would have snapped back. But she was too overwhelmed to feel angry with him – to feel anything, really. 'Do you hear me ?' Billy repeated, getting frustrated at her silence. 'I don't need your help, I don't need you at all !'

He left the room, furious she wouldn't say a thing. He rushed to his room and slammed the door behind him. Max jumped at the sound. She realised she was crying. She wiped away the tears and ran outside.

She had just remembered she had left her board up the street, so she went to pick it up. She skated back home. She shot the door of the camaro that was still opened in passing. She came in and walked to her room. She was feeling empty and disconnected. Everything in the house was silent. She lied down on her bed and grabbed a comicbook.

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading <3

(comments and kuddos are always appreciate)